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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVI. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900. NUMBER 4

"FRANK WOOD."

See pages 31-35—JESS; BITS OF WAYSIDE GOSPEL, by *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*; published by Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by Unity Publishing Co., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900. NUMBER 4

The editorial sanctum and business office of UNITY are once more metropolitan in their settings. In other words, we are back at Chicago, doing business at the old stand, thankful to the friends who by their forbearance and more active support have made the vacation possible. We solicit their further co-operation.

Who does not want to believe in France? How pathetic to the lover of freedom and of progress are the grusome notes that come from time to time from this "poet of nations" concerning its degeneracy of one kind or another. How gratifying then is the news of the unique triumph of President Loubet's "Dinner to the Mayors of France." The largest banquet ever planned was successfully carried out without discord or disappointment. But the significance of this occasion was not the catering triumph, but the unexpected and magnificent revelation of the great democracy that the French republic stands for. The country districts were here heard from and represented by the artisans and the farmers, shop men and school men, and they sounded true to democracy. They showed that republicanism has come to stay.

In another note we ask for a more accurate definition of the word "imperialism." Perhaps it is time also to refresh the mind as to the significance of the terms democracy and republicanism. A correspondent, writing us from the "wilderness of officialdom," one who has long been in the service of the government, and who all his public life has co-operated with the party in power, seems to find a clear conception of democracy when he writes "nothing since the civil war period has stirred me so profoundly as this Philippine question. It seems to me there has been a shocking lowering of ideals. I shall still continue to believe that a country belongs to the people to whom God gave it and that any people with intelligence to organize a government and the manhood to defend it against the alien and the stranger, should be allowed to live under laws of their own selecting and thus work out their own destiny."

The Literary Digest of September 22d has a column and a half of extracts from European papers showing how the Philippine situation looks from foreign eyes. The *Amsterdam News* thinks that "the total loss of six thousand men and the expense of nearly one hundred and ninety million dollars is a very respectable addition to the two dollars apiece for which the Filipinos are supposed to have been bought from Spain." The *Saturday Review* of London says that "Sullen indifference characterizes the occupied towns and it is doubtful if they hated the Spaniards as they now hate the Americans." The *Berlin Zeitung* says: "The terms to which the natives subscribed at the point of American bayonets are not acceptable to the people at large." Several European papers say that the Sulu Sultan has fled to Borneo, although he was supposed to be quite content with the subsidy paid to him by the United States government. A Tokio paper contains a series of war items showing Filipino successes. A St. Petersburg paper fears "the imperial instinct may yet prove too strong for the national sense of justice and honor." Another German paper says that "from ten to thirty of the natives of Guam leave the island by every Japanese schooner, anxious to escape the foreign rule of the Americans."

The candidacy of Robert M. LaFollette for the governorship of Wisconsin is one that must interest the independent voter and progressive citizen within and beyond all party lines. His nomination was manifestly a triumph over a corrupt machine and was a victory after a fearless fight of several years. Wisconsin born, a graduate of its university, at one time the youngest member in the House of Representatives, he is a man who has held the people close to his heart, who is trusted by the farmers. The paramount state issue in his campaign is the primary election reform to which he is thoroughly committed. This reform aims towards doing away with the corrupt and corrupting methods of the convention system which sooner or later inevitably falls into the hands of the professional manipulator and of him who is in politics for "revenue only." Mr. LaFollette has an intelligent appreciation of the essentials of democracy and we share the pain with many of his friends that when it comes to the extra-state features of the present campaign his vision seems to blur and he pleads for that long armed government control from without in defiance to the wishes of the people who dwell in the Philippine archipelago, which is so repellant to his moral sense within the state of Wisconsin. Notwithstanding what seems to us an ethical inconsistency and confusion in this respect we rejoice in the triumph of reform and progressive statesmanship represented by his nomination and if he is elected Wisconsin will be an interesting study to political reformers and those interested in civic advancement.

We sympathize with the surprise of the *Woman's Journal* that so little notice has been taken of the "shocking facts published several weeks ago by the *New Voice*, certified over the names of responsible eye witnesses in Manila." It is not surprising that the political papers should have little to say of it, but according to the *Journal* "the religious press without exception suppress the facts that the military authorities have established, licensed and regulated public houses

of prostitution in Manila and elsewhere in the Philippine Islands." We have frequently called attention to this scandalous state of things in these columns, but the surprise of our contemporary leads us to give some further facts as furnished by the paper above quoted. This correspondent says, "Recently, while riding with the managing editor of one of the leading Manila daily papers, I passed the national cemetery at Malate. Pointing to the great sea of fresh mounds, he said, deliberately: 'Far more of our boys who are lying there met their death through bad women and drink than through the bullets of the Filipinos.'" One of the head surgeons of the first reserve hospital told the same correpondent that "one-sixth of all cases treated there, over sixty thousand in number, had been of venereal diseases." Surely is not the *Woman's Journal* right when it says that "benevolent assimilation is here being perverted into the systematic degradation of hundreds of abandoned women." If there is no remedy for this state of things in the presence of the military then is this not another argument for the withdrawing of the military, if not for the sake of the debauched islands, then for the sake of the exposed, if not degraded young men of America. There is an awful suppression of facts, and division of the question in these days of "main issues" and "political exigencies."

Needed—a dictionary to give exact and academic meaning to the term "imperialism." What does it mean? Has it no academic significance? Is it only a term of reproach which the republicans are as anxious to disown as the democrats are anxious to saddle upon them? Certainly there must be a legitimate significance to the term. Will those who affirm and those who deny imperialism on the part of the present administration please define what they mean by it? We asked recently a well known college professor to define imperialism. His reply was, "in the books it is always used for outside governnment control of a nation by alien forces, whether this control be benignant or otherwise." What is it the United States would fain do for the Philippines? What is it trying to do for Puerto Rico? Imperialism may be logically justified, certainly those who are defending the attitude of the United States towards the Philippines are very prone to point approvingly to the English administration of India. If government from without, enforced by an alien people by the power of armies is not imperialism what is it? It certainly is not democracy. Do we need a new term? Is there a poverty of the English language here or is there a confusion in the use of English words? Perhaps this confusion arises from an incoherent conception of the facts. We are told that "imperialism" is no issue in the present campaign and still six thousand and more American lives have been sacrificed and some two hundred million dollars invested in trying to do something with or for the inhabitants of the Philippines. But the personal equation must be reckoned with even in the compiling of dictionaries. Governor Roosevelt says that "miltarism is a bug-a-boo" and Mark Hanna says "there are no such things as trusts."

A Death Blow to the Corupt Doctrine.

The following is a translation made for The Literary Digest of September 22, from a Chinese tract bearing the above title. We print it not for its humor, but because it is a sober and apparently entirely honest illustration of the distortions which one religion endures when it is passed through the unsympathetic and untraveled mind of foreign people. We have not the slightest doubt but what the representatives of Oriental religions, including the followers of Confucius, would discover the same grotesqueness in many a Christian account of their religion which the Christians now detect in this account. It is, in short, a case of theological "tit for tat," made pathetic because it represents honesty all around, and it shows how far wide of the mark unenlightened honesty may lead us.—[Editor.

"The religion of Tien-Tshu (literally, the sect of the Lord of the heavens) owes its origin to a man named Jesus. Its followers practice all kinds of evils without limit. They come together every seventh day of the week in the church, and as soon as the ceremonies are over they give themselves up to all kinds of excesses. They apply innumerable devilish and unnatural arts, practice sorcery on the ignorant by magic trickery and songs, until he is persuaded to join their sect. As soon as a person connects himself with their religious communion, he receives five ounces of silver from the teacher and a pill. As soon as he takes this pill, he becomes perfectly confused in his mind, and goes out and destroys the monuments of his ancestors and adores nothing but the image of a naked child, which points to heaven with one finger and with the other to the earth. They say that this is the Prince Jesus.

"Those families that have daughters and join this religion prevent at least one of these from marrying in order to make her a female follower of the great Screamer who makes use of the incantations and sorcery formulas. In the case of death, the priest drives out of the house all the relatives and friends, and amid all kinds of formulas and behind locked doors he puts the body in the coffin. Before he does so he secretly cuts both the eyes out of the head. The reason is the following: Out of every one hundred pounds of Chinese lead eight pounds of silver can be secured, and the other ninety-two pounds can be sold at the original price. However, the only way in which this silver can be extracted is to mix it with the eyes of dead Chinese. The eyes of foreigners are perfectly useless for this purpose.

"It is impossible to describe all the ceremonies and customs of this religious sect; but one thing is certain, namely, that the sole and only motive in their religion is to stultify our people and, under a false pretext, to destroy all the Chinese. The real object is to gain control of the empire. The adherents of this sect are constantly murdering people, in order to bring sacrifices to their Prince Jesus. When a great man dies in their midst, they offer up thousands of men and women at the shrine of their God, and, to do so, they seize foreigners and poor people and even travelers, and murder them. The adherents of Jesus consider it very honorable to have as many as three thousand women. They eat no meat and drink no wine, and in general are a miserable, depraved, and inhuman race of beings."

There can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity.

A Call to Ministers.

The undersigned are moved to make an appeal to 500 of their brethren in the ministry to act at once along the following lines:

1. To prepare a short, forcible resolution and present it to their congregations for adoption on next Sunday morning (Sept. 23), or as soon thereafter as possible, in which an appeal is made to Governor William A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, to call immediately upon both parties in the present grave labor war, to resort to *arbitration*.
2. To communicate to the governor, by telegram or letter, the fact of such action.
3. To give such resolutions to the local papers for publication.
4. To get your local ministerial union to adopt a similar resolution.

We are moved to send out this call, because we believe that our country is in grave peril, in which vast property interests and thousands of lives are in jeopardy.

We believe that Christians ought not to sit still while drifting toward disaster, but should by voice and influence seek to prevent the evil results sure to follow.

Arbitration is the only present hope.

The public in general would stand back of such an appeal. The governor of the state is the one who would be called upon to furnish troops in case of bloodshed, and he could therefore make a just and insistent demand for arbitration.

Will you not therefore act? It may already be too late. Our only motive is to seek to bring peace and good will among men.

WILLIAM E. BARTON,
First Congregational Church.
J. W. CONLEY,
First Baptist Church.
CHARLES S. HOYT,
First Presbyterian Church.
R. F. JOHONNOT,
Universalist Church.
HENRY I. RASMUS,
First M. E. Church.
SYDNEY STRONG,
Second Congregational Church.

The above communication signed by the ministers of Oak Park, near Chicago, carries its own explanation, and is one of the significant and hopeful signs of the times. If all the ministers of America were as alert and united concerning the moral issues of the day as those who have signed the above call are in this instance, religion would be more of a power in the world and some of the hard questions of the day would receive a more prompt solution. The above communication was read at least from the pulpit of All Souls Church, Chicago, last Sunday, and doubtless was noticed elsewhere. At the close of the sermon, before the benediction, a motion was made by one of the audience that the trustees be instructed to send at once, on behalf of the church, a petition to Governor Stone, embodying the suggestion of the letter. Pending the action of the trustees the pastor immediately sent the following telegram:

September 24, 1900.

Hon. William A. Stone, Governor, Harrisburg, Pa.:

Congregation All Souls Church, Chicago, yesterday unanimously voted to appeal to you in the name of the third and most interested party, the public, to do everything in your power to bring about an arbitration of coal questions at issue. Letters coming. JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Pastor.

It is hard to see how any just interest can suffer at the hands of wise arbitration for arbitration is simply an appeal to a court of justice constituted by the parties in dispute and it ill becomes those who represent perhaps the best organized capital in the country, those who have succeeded by dexterous organization to bring into submission and harmony great railway systems and distant fields of operation to refuse arbitration because it would be "recognizing a combination of not only the most helpless, but the most essential element in the problem,—the humanity involved in the mines, the men who do the digging. But in this case, as in all great strikes, it is not simply a strife between capital and labor; it is not an issue between employer and employee; the quarrel, whatever its merits may be, involves the interests if not the life of a third element, i. e. the public, and it is the duty of the governor of Pennsylvania to guard the rights of this third element as well as of the other two, and it will be a misuse of troops to use them in protecting the property of one of the parties or in suppressing lawlessness on the part of the other party without taking immediate and aggressive steps towards securing the rights of the great suffering people, and it is in the name of the public that religion, morals and economy demand arbitration. If the governor of Pennsylvania is not equal to the occasion, if the interests and issues involved outreach state boundaries then the national government has a duty in the matter; and if the President has no authority to act in the matter the situation is grave enough to summon a special session of Congress. Let it speedily be assembled to pass such legislation as will compel all parties concerned to present their grievance at some competent court of adjustment which court with sufficient deliberation should settle the local as well as general questions. While such procedures are pending let there be, if possible, a temporary arrangement arrived at by which the activities so necessary, not only to the industries, but to the lives of American citizens, continue. The coal was deposited in the mountain ranges by no human hand and for the benefit of no particular clique or combination. It is nature's contribution to the life of the globe and it should be administered so far as possible to the advantage of all men. In demanding arbitration and if necessary the special legislation which would make arbitration possible and effective, we are advocating no chimerical dream, but a plan towards which the experience of the world is tending. There is academic wisdom enough now at hand which if applied might in a few years win for the United States the title already won by New Zealand, i. e. "A land without strikes."

Anthropological Notes.

The Chinese Boxers.—Under the title, *The Associated Fists,* George T. Candlin presents the most interesting articles regarding the "Boxers" that we have seen. Most curious is the fact that in any given place the society originates with the young. The so-called "drills" are gatherings of children from ten to twenty years of age who pass, by voluntary convulsions, into a trance condition in which they are supposed to be divinely possessed and to receive supernatural communications. This is a local and Chinese phase of a phenomenon which is widely spread in Asia. The strange *la* phenomena noticed among the Malays and the Shinto and Buddhist *possession* so admirably described by Percival Lowell in Japan, are the same thing. But in China these abnormal nervous conditions have been related to practical political results. An analogous case, where serious political results have followed, is the Ghost Dance excitement which swept through some of our Western Indian tribes a few years ago. Besides describing these drills Mr. Candlin discusses the nature of the society itself so far as the facts are known and presents translations of four placards which it has

issued. These illustrate the motives and sentiments of the Boxers better than any description. The article is illustrated by two curious Chinese pictures taken from a Tien Tsin paper; one represents *Chinese Imperial Troops Pursuing and Slaying Boxers,* the other shows *Boxers Sacking and Firing a Christian Mission.* We recommend the article as valuable and timely. It is printed in the *Open Court* for September.

The Davenport Academy of National Sciences.—Friends of this organization will be glad to hear of its progress. Thanks to the *Putnam Memorial Publication Fund* its work in publication proceeds rapidly. Vol. VII of the Proceedings has lately appeared. It forms a handsome octavo of three hundred and sixteen pages with seventeen full-page plate. Of the technical papers it contains, six are on Entomology, three on Archaeology, two on Botany and one on Geology. The first paper in the volume is an interesting biographical sketch of Charles Edwin Putnam by his son, William Clement Putnam, which is illustrated by a capital portrait of this well-loved gentleman, who gave so largely of his time, labor, money and love to the Academy. The Academy has recently purchased a lot adjoining its old property. This new land was occupied by a church building and is situated upon a corner. The old church building has been repaired and altered. The basement has been supplied with casing and a considerable amount of collections has been moved in. The upper floor is being fitted up for a lecture room and assembly hall. The original Academy building and the renovated church structure will be connected. The Academy library—one of the most extensive scientific libraries in the Central West has recently been overhauled and a card catalogue is being prepared. Within a few weeks, through Bishop Morrison, of the Diocese of Iowa, the library and museum collections of Griswold College (now discontinued) have been given to the Academy. The Academy thus secures seventeen hundred books and important collections in local Conchology and Geology. Fortunately, the Academy is not required to hold this gift intact so books and specimens can be arranged in their proper places in the Academy's own series and duplicates may become available for exchange. The Academy now faces new responsibilities. It should seriously labor for—(1) a permanent invested fund, the income of which should support a curator and pay running expenses, and (2) a fifty thousand dollar additional building. Surely the Academy will find the citizens of Davenport ready to help in achieving these ends. Iowans generally, and the people of the whole Central West should be glad to assist, if necessary. Now is the time to put this institution, so well begun and so nobly carried on, beyond all fear for the future.

The Pan-American Exposition.—Preparations for this great Exposition at Buffalo, in 1901, are well advanced. It is not a "World's Fair" but a "Pan-American" affair. Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America and the South American Republics only are invited to participate. But in this very limitation lies strength. The countries of Latin-America are preparing displays which will cause astonishment by their extent and interest. The Director-General of the Exposition is Wm. I. Buchanan, who was at the head of the Department of Mines and Forestry at the World's Columbian Exposition. He has developed a magnificent plan—liberal, beautiful, and well-proportioned. The buildings are in general influenced by the ideas of Latin-American architecture. As one feature, novel in this class of buildings, two of the largest buildings will surround open courts in which water will be used for decorative effects. The main buildings are themselves magnificently clustered about water bodies in a way somewhat similar to the Court of Honor at Chicago. The Electric Tower at the end of a magnificent water basin will be a marvel of brilliant beauty. The exhibit in the Electrical Building is expected to surpass in variety, interest and extent, any *ever* brought together before.

The Department of Ethnology, under charge of Dr. A. L. Benedict, of Buffalo, will have an especial building, somewhat similar in general effect to the Administration Building at Chicago. Ground floor and gallery are both lighted chiefly from the dome. The exhibits are to be specific, and each is to teach a definite lesson. The Department is thus expected to be more symmetrical and consistent than in preceding exhibitions of its kind in this country. There will be an unusual display of the local archaeology, but it is hoped every section of the Pan-American area will be adequately represented, both in regard to its past and its present occupants. An out-of-door series of reproductions of mounds, effigies, pyramids, and other structures reared by the ancient Americans is planned. The United States Government has made liberal appropriations for its building and its usual displays. They plan, however, this time an important and new exhibit of the Ethnology of Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines. This will be one of the drawing cards, certainly, of the whole Exposition. Two buildings on the ground are being constructed with the idea of permanence. One of them will remain as a Memorial Fine Arts Building, the other will be the home of the Buffalo Historical Society. Thus the Exposition will not only be of temporary interest, but of permanent profit to the city.

FREDERICK STARR.

GOOD POETRY.

My Slain.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
  This amber-haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
  With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so,
  You hurt me, tho' you do not see me cry,
  Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
  I am not worthy of your innocent faith.
I who, with whetted knives of worldliness
  Did put my own child-heartedness to death—
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
  To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
  Laughs into blossom, or a buttercup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
  Dances in the glad dew—alas! alas!
  The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; but if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of a child,
  But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O moaning life with life irreconciled!
  O backward-looking thought! O pain! O tears!
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rythmic wonder springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
  Which makes men mummies; weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
  And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain.
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
  That dry the tender juices in the breast,
  And puts the thunders of the Lord to test
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
  What can you give my poor starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
  Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instinct guessed the heavens at once.

—*Richard Realf.*

THE PULPIT.

The Dead Tree.

An after-vacation sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, September 23, 1900:

It was not because Lake Ripley is not beautiful that I had never heard of it in such a way as to leave a mark of memory upon my mind, for it is a crystal gem, rimmed around by moulded hills padded with green, a circular cup somewhat more than a mile in diameter, brimmed with oaks, elms, basswoods and that indefinable tangle of vegetation that moccasins tall trees, protecting their feet and padding their toes. Nor was it because it lies in any out-of-the-way place, where I had never traveled, for it is situated well in the line of my summer route between Chicago and Tower Hill. I had ridden to the right of it and to the left of it; I had driven to the north of it and to the south of it, almost within hearing of the lapping of its waves; and still I had never turned aside to see it. But the probable cause of this neglect was that Wisconsin is so full of these geological pitchers which nature long ago scooped out with a glacier tool and filled with ice water, and ever after kept them full by means of the rains and brooks that know where to store pure water after it has been filtered through clouds and gravel beds. And Lake Ripley would still have remained less than a name in my mind if the subtle strings of destiny, so light in their manifestations that we call them "whims," had not led me to decide that my morning ride should be to Jefferson rather than to Lake Mills. The movements of destiny in this case were quite explicable. Roos and I love to touch on our wanderings this pretty little town, because Roos remembers the kind liveryman and I enjoy the hospitalities of one of the most comfortable little hotels in Wisconsin. But even then we should not have found Lake Ripley if we had not reached Jefferson upon the very afternoon when my parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. L— and their little daughter, had concluded to drive over to town from the lake, across twelve miles of tempting country and delicious air, punctured and punctuated with prancing colts, happy cows, and prosperous farmers. And still I might have missed the lake if I had written my name in my short metre incognito of J. L. Jones, Tower Hill, Wisconsin, as is my custom, rather than the long metre, metropolitan signature of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.—That "gave me away," and the exposure led to a delightful change of route and found me at evening seated on the bank of the charming Lake Ripley, bringing up my end of an acquaintance with friends who knew me much better than I knew them. They had let me into their secret, for secret it was, inasmuch as Chicago and the noisy, busy cities within its radius had, like the pastor, fortunately neglected Ripley. It is in the main an undiscovered gem save by the few people who control desirable stretches of the delightful shore where they conceal themselves in cottages that nestle in green leaves like birds.

Long we sat there into the beautiful summer twilight and talked of trees, grasses, birds, the fish that "did not bite," the first great grandchild that was coming from the city next week, the vacant bungalow that was to be fitted up, and the grass that was to be raked by the grandfather, who had long since forsaken the rake and pitchfork for the scarcely less toilsome tasks of the city. As night closed in and the moon changed the lake gem from the amber of the sunset into the opal of the moonlight. I found my attention centering around a stark, grim, and long since dead, tree that still stood stalwart at the edge of the lake, holding its grim naked arms proudly above the rustling, singing leaves and living trees, to some of which it had borne the relation of a mother, to all, that of a nurse. It had witnessed their planting, watched their growing, and it now brooded over them in death. The conversation went on, but the old tree was planting itself in my brain. I did not want to think of it, but it forced itself into my thought. There was nothing peculiar about it. It was a dead tree, and that was all. But it was taking a peculiar hold upon my imagination. It was intruding upon the conversation, breaking in upon our communion or else entering into our fellowship,—I scarcely know which.

Probably for the purpose of dismissing the intruder, I abruptly broke off and said to my friends, without very much conscious meaning in the words, "I suspect that if I were to spend my summer in this cottage I should grow very fond of that old dead tree; there is something about it that attracts me; I have been more interested in it than in all these trees you are so proud of." And suddenly there was an explosion of approval, an exclamation of joy from the elder mother, followed by such an exchange of exclamations as could be explained only by the fact that I had stumbled upon a family matter. It became evident that the dead tree was one of the living issues in that summer home circle. What to do with it had become rather a hot question in the family. Certain youthful and progressive elements in the household were in favor of ridding the landscape of the "dead hulk," relieving the dooryard of the "unsightly thing," trimming the bit of forest to the standards of the books and parks. But the grandmother, whether from the recollection of what the old tree had been or from some admiration of what it now was, had fought, so to speak, for the life of the dead tree. Why she clung to it, perhaps she no more than myself could explain, but she thanked me for my word in behalf of the old dead tree.

Next morning Roos and I started out for another day's ride toward Tower Hill, renewed in body and refreshed in spirit. I had found Lake Ripley and strung one more "gem of purest ray serene" on my necklace of Wisconsin lakes. I had made a "parish call" which had proved as delightful to me as it was also exceptional in my habit, for as my parishioners know, I make most of my parish calls in the pulpit and class room of my church. And I carried away with me the thought of the dead tree. My ride carried me out of Dane county into Iowa county. I passed out of the lake region into the bluff region. Moraines gave way to ravines, and gravel banks to valleys. The geological drift disappeared and the geologic "pocket," which holds the homes of men and forms the haunts of cattle, charmed instead. By the slow ascent of thirty miles I reached the wooded slopes of the Blue Mounds, and by an abrupt descent of fifteen miles I struck the level of the Wisconsin River at Tower Hill, a thousand feet below. All the way the road was lined with black, white and burr oaks, hickory, ash, and elm, big barns and small cottages, orchards, gardens, and thickets. I traveled over prairie, through openings, into forests. My horse's feet struck sparks from the flinty hillside and sunk into the mire of marshy bottoms. I talked with little children and old men. I studied American cosmopolitanism at first hand as I passed through German, Scotch, Irish, Norwegian, and Welsh settlements, and was taught the road in the brouge and broken English characteristic of each.

And through it all the dead tree went. I saw more dead trees in that two days' ride than I had ever seen before in my life. The dead branches and dismantled trunks took possession of my mind, now with grim humor, and now with the subtle charm that pervades

an ill-fated torso of antique art, whose beauty is all the more profound in its battered and shattered nakedness.

On Tower Hill our first concern is for the trees. The first annual inspection is to note what trees have grown and what ones have died, which are thrifty and which are sickly. And this year the one tree event was the final surrender of the beautiful white ash tree that had been our admiration, joy, and comfort in the neighborhood of the dining hall. Two years ago a mysterious army of beetles rose out of the sand in the neighborhood of the ash trees. They climbed the ash trees only, burrowing into their bark and forming processions along the branches. Last year the noblest ash on the hill was struggling for existence, and this year it was dead. All summer its wand-like branches have whipped nakedly in the wind, and what was once a great ball of the peculiar soft green that ash trees wear, a home in which the birds found safe retirement, cut the sky into arabesque figures, or, when the line of vision gave a forest background, crossed and recrossed this background with a network of dark lines like a Japanese screen. And the question of the family on Lake Ripley has become the question of the Tower Hill administration: Is the dead ash tree to be cut down?

Inasmuch then as the dead tree stood squarely in the perspective of my vacation days, amused me in my indolent mood, threw its shadow across my thinking, and searched me with its interrogatories, how can I keep it out of my after-vacation sermon? Why should I not let it do its best, or worst, as the case may be, and engage your thoughts for an hour as it has enlisted mine for many hours? So together let us go in search of the sermon of the dead tree.

Clearly, the first and obvious preacher use of the dead tree is to make it the type and symbol of mortality. The dead tree serves in these more scientific times the purpose of the encoffined skeleton at the Egyptian banquet, as a reminder of the fleeting quality of life. Every dead tree says to every observer:

"As you are now so once was I;

"As I am now, so you will be."

Hence, take heed of the inevitable end. Green leaf, blossom, fruit, proud defiance of frost and storm, brave endurance of drought and heat will avail but for a time. Steadily and surely approaches the time when naked boughs, hardened trunk, and lifeless roots will be the end of all your promise and your grace. No matter how luxurious your growth may be, how affluent in resources, how resplendent in adornment, the time is coming when beyond the "sear and yellow leaf" the condition of the dead tree will be yours.

But this sermon is so obvious and has been preached so well and so long that I need not waste time in weakening it by repetition. I need only remark in passing that it is a real sermon and one that is always in order, because it is rooted in divine wisdom. If the dead tree could but teach this lesson effectively, it would be well to let one stand in the lawn of every wealthy man's mansion. Let it stand grim and eloquent in the foreground of our watering places, let its shadowless limbs cut across the sky above the heads of the flippant dancers, the shallow revelers, and the idle gossips who, under the name of recreation, waste the precious summer months and debase the social currency, the standard value of which ought to be a sacred trust. If this were the only lesson of the dead tree, there should still be one left standing on the campus of every university, and overarching the entrance of the business exchange, that young men and women might know the time value of their school days and business men might read in this strong symbol of nature the inevitable outcome of their speculations and the final return of their investments. Let the dead tree stand while it teaches the mortality of earth, the end of all living.

But our dead tree can teach us more than this, for the tree, though dead, is far from useless. In the economies of men it is only when the tree dies that it becomes valuable. What before was a tree is now timber. Out of the trunks of dead trees houses are built and bridges are made, and on them are laid the iron rails that bear the traffic of nations. Out of the dead trees the wheelright shapes the wealthy man's coach and the poor man's cart, and out of dead trees are wrought the luxuries and necessities of the cabinet shop. Tables, chairs, bedsteads, and piano-cases slumber in the trunk of the dead tree. When nature has done her best, then human nature steps in and carries on the creation still further. Here, as in many other places, it would seem as though man's work begins where God's work ends. Human thrift hastens to destroy the living tree that thereby it may be of use to man.

Not the decaying hand of time, not the cycle of tree life, not the working of vegetable law has converted the great forest trees of Wisconsin into dead timber, but the ax of the woodsman. About seven miles from Tower Hill lies the last patch of the aboriginal forest trees that I know in the countryside where we find our summer home. There a few acres of the great white oaks that nature, guarded by the rugged surroundings of Rock Hill, has been building for two hundred years, have escaped the settler. Occasionally a fraction of the human dwellers feel the charm of these oldest settlers, dwellers there when the deer browsed about them, when the redman pitched his wigwam under their branches, when the hunter and the trapper were their familiars, and before the compass and the chain-man, in the name of government, ran the lines which should set apart to the use of individual man the primeval patrimony of all men. So this fragment of a human community is learning to use the sylvan dell peopled with great white oaks as a picnic ground. There the young people go to eat and dance. On Fourth of July the farmers gather with their flags and the children bring their fire-crackers. There we went one day to listen to political speeches, when the pastor who was asked to speak for the independent in politics, forgot for awhile the claims of the noble army of scratchers which constitutes the hope of the country, in his plea for the preservation of the oaks. A few days later, a family gathering of the denizens of Tower Hill, and their spiritual kindred, drove to Rock Hill and stopped there to eat watermelons and such other good things as belong to a country picnic. Then and there a movement was set on foot to save fifteen acres of that primeval forest for future generations, to preserve the trees to gladden the eyes of the unborn, that the children of the twentieth century might know under what conditions their fore-elders of the nineteenth century carved out their homes and reared their roof-trees. But the movement was confronted with the ominous fact that "the trees were too valuable to keep." The young Norwegian owner, alive and nervy, was already sharpening his ax for them, and the whole forest is doomed when the snow falls, for railroad ties bring a good price, and as the proprietor proudly said, they "worked eight dollars out of one tree last year" the fifteen acres are worth three hundred and fifty dollars, and it is doubtful whether the citizens of the town of Wyoming can find it in their heart to sacrifice three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of timber for the sake of saving fifteen acres of noble trees for posterity; the very suggestion, though, is a small sign of the great times to come when the passion for wealth, high and noble as it may be, shall be sub-

ordinated to the still higher and nobler passion for commonwealth.

But there is another sermon in my dead tree. It justifies its preservation on artistic grounds. There is aesthetic value in nature's greys and browns, as well as in her greens, yellows, and reds. We scarce feel the conventionalities of life and the limitations of our culture when we are thrown far out on the breast of nature and have nobody to give us the cue or set up the "standard" of art. Let the artist who doubts the artistic quality in our dead tree undertake to sketch it. Let him paint it just as it is," counting it a crime to let a truth slip," and see how difficult a thing it is to do. We have an inartistic prejudice against the commonplace and the familiar. What splendid depth in the yellow of a sand bar, what unattainable brown in the rustling autumn leaves, which the luxurious, so anxious to show their good taste through other people's work, are always determined to have raked up, destroyed, burned,—anything to get the rubbish out of the way, though it is nature's beneficent mulch that keeps the moisture around the trees, nurses the young seedlings, and slowly accumulates the leaf mold that makes the grain-bearing and fruit-yielding soil. The whip-poor-will, the shyest and most characteristic of our American birds, courts the dead limb. He always lights upon it lengthwise, concealing himself thus by his bold alliance with a neutral tint that blends with the color of his own coat. Our bird-man told us of certain birds that always light on dead limbs—not for the sake of obscurity like the whip-poor-will, but on account of their alertness, they do not propose to be surprised, will not take a position where they can be pounced upon. If fitness is an element of beauty as Millet urges and utility is an indispensable element in art as Tolstoi teaches, there is an aesthetic element in a dead limb because there is an ethical element in it.

The spiral of our old oak tree on Ripley Lake had gone three times around the circle in its persistent contest with the prevailing winds across the waters, and it stands there today suggestive of heroism, testifying to patience, a monument of persistency and only our utilitarian training makes a blur out of that which is actually relief, contrast, suggestion, beauty of form, of color, of attitude, of position.

But a little bit of science gives us still another sermon out of our dead tree. Biologically speaking the tree is anything but dead. As the sap recedes the line of life advances and our dead tree becomes a veritable metropolis of life in which countless residents enjoy palatial comforts. It is not the leaf alone, but every dead trunk and withering limb that is the home, not of one but of many happy creatures. Nature as well as human nature has economic uses for the dead tree. The tremendous push of things which we call evolution is not thwarted by what we blindly call death, but it takes hold of the dead thing and makes of it a stepping stone to still higher life farther on. The roots that sought moisture in deep places when the leaves were busy at their pumping now serve as so many irrigating canals to carry down the moisture, depositing that material which, because it has once been used, is more available for the next use, and in due time the whole tree will be given back to the dominion of life.

Searching further into the mystery of the dead tree, I tore open with my cane the very body of a prostrate trunk that had lain low at the foot of Tower Hill for many years, when, lo, I found that I had uncapped an entomological London; a multitude rose in resentful surprise; beetles, centipedes, ants, worms, and bugs beyond the numbering and beyond naming, found their home invaded, their providence interfered with. They were but using up the old log in new life, and when they in their turn should die, nature would claim it all.

Why then should not the dead tree remain standing in the sight of men, preaching the gospel, whose outward message, as we have seen, is mortality; but whose most inward message is immortality? It is one more link in the endless chain of being. It was folded only to be unfolded farther on. There is no wastage in nature, there is nothing useless in the economics of God.

Still another lesson and the last. If for no other reason, the dead tree on Lake Ripley has a right to stand because it is an *oak* tree. Its substance was piled deliberately. Its fabric was woven with infinite care and minuteness. It represented a century and a half of vegetable diligence. It was so great and splendid a triumph that it took perhaps ten years to die. While the heart of it was moldering, the outer rim was fresh and buoyant, drawing up the materials for leaves and acorns; and, being dead, it still stands strong and defiant, able to resist the same prevailing wind across the lake, to endure the old frost bites, and to survive the scorching suns perchance a decade before it falls; and when it has fallen, sawed down by the mandibles of beetles or other wood things whose names I do not know, it will lie on the beach perhaps another decade before nature succeeds in unlocking that which she herself locked up in the cabinets of the oak. Is there not more meaning, significance, and consequent beauty in a dead oak than in a live poplar? The one came to its maturity in ten years, died in a year, and, two or three years later was in ashes. It is a glorious thing to be an oak, to have enduring qualities, the power to resist, the ability to serve, to endure hardness like a good soldier.

Here endeth my sermon of the dead tree. But dare I stop here? Not unless it has awakened a train of thinking and feeling that passes beyond the forest king, the forest lake, and outward nature; not unless it has suggested inspiring and searching analogies in the fields of morals and of spirit. In the realm of human life, all the dead things are not yet under ground. There are dead men still unburied, dead governments still strong, dead churches still useful, dead customs still beautiful. Our task is, to respect the unburied dead for what they have been, honor them for what they are, and tenderly allow them to stand in history though they make no new wood, put forth no fresh foliage, and are no more creative. Such are the brave men who see no new light, the loyal ones who remain standing in a moving world; such are the governments that were formulated by obsolete ideals, that represent closed convictions. Such are the churches that are based upon the conclusions of the fathers alone, who are standing on their creeds and standing by their dogmas. We will not try to cut them down. We will be patient with the conservative men who, impervious to the spirit of progress, are still monuments of past vitality. We will try to be patient in the presence of governments based on might, resting in feudalism, assuming to serve the world to-day on the infamous basis of the aristocracy of mediaeval times, and not knowing that their bodies are being made porous by the encroachments of new life. The heart of monarchy to-day is populous with democracy which is gnawing away the fiber of aristocracy and working up the old material into new life. So it is with the churches; when they can no longer breed faith, they had better breed doubt, which is another name for life. The higher iconoclasm is a process of reincarnation. "I criticise by creation," said Angelo. So says Nature,—I create by reorganization, I destroy only that I may build again.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,

Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

* * * * *

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled;
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still."

But let not the hard sense concerning a dead tree sink into sentimentalism about dead trees. If we let the tree stand it is not for the death in it but for the life it represents, for the life it still shelters, and, still more, for the life to which it may yet contribute. I have sadly misstated my thought if what I have said seems to be but a glorification of the death. I have made poor use of my vacation if I have extracted from it only a brief in the interest of dead things. The dead tree wears around it a nimbus like the glory with which the old artists encircled the heads of their saints, only when it is enshrined in life, only when we appreciate the beautiful construction that called it into being, the stalwart resistance that preserves it, and the higher economy that uses it. The glory of our dead tree lies in its oaken quality.

I should like to voice the message of the oak. While we are alive let us build so that when dead we may, at least, endure as long as an oak tree. What is the thing we call "character" but that quality of the tree or of the soul that renders it into timber, that makes it strong and solid, so that it will take polish, will bend instead of breaking, and lend itself to the uses of civilization by assuming any one of the ten thousand forms that science and art have designed for it?

We go not in search of dead trees, but we go in search of trees that will be good for something when dead. We are here to so shape life so that it may endure forever and aye. We are here to cultivate that open vision, to acquire that poise of mind, that sense of justice, that will enable us to see beauty in what the world calls ugliness, harmony in things that appear grotesque, life in death.

By the "Clancy bridge," near the foot of Tower Hill, there stands the tall stump of a battered tree, dead so long that it is crumbling into decay. It has reached that spongy condition between solidity and rottenness so very available to the woodpecker's chisel. It promised to be a first-class chance for a first-rate home for an enterprising woodpecker. He began his excavations. The work progressed rapidly. Everything bade fair for a happy bird-home, but, lo! there was an unexpected element in the problem. The tree was close by a human highway. Morning, noon and night wagons and busy men passed over the bridge, rattling the planks; the boy drove the cows to and from the pasture; little girls went that way to and from school; and each passer by interrupted the woodpecker in his work until at last he was compelled to reckon with the new element in the problem; and, although he had found the right kind of wood and the right kind of a place, he had missed the essential element of secrecy and safety, and our woodpecker left his job half done and sought another dead tree, wherein he might excavate for himself a better, because a safer, home.

Is it not time for us to reach the wisdom of the woodpecker, and have no use for dead trees except in so far as we can convert them into living homes, except in so far as they serve the live purpose of to-day, or fit into the needs of the future? We may have use for the dead tree that is favorably situated, that lends itself to our plans; but we cannot move the highways of the world, or turn aside the great turnpikes of progress. There are certain forces as inevitable in the life of man as was the road in the plans of the woodpecker, and when the inevitable comes in conflict with our petty plans and personal hopes we had better move on and away.

Society does not need organizing so much as it needs reorganizing. We talk about the division of labor and the distribution of products. But to-day the consecrated mind and heart of every social rank, in all the nations of the world, recognize the call for a reorganization of labor and the redistribution of the world's goods on a more just plan. To this higher reincarnation of life, to the redistributions dictated by love, the readjustments of justice, we are to apply ourselves. How and when and what are the open questions which it is for us to consider? We may not agree in our answers, but we shall profit by the quest. No more have I answered the question which gave rise to this sermon:

"SHALL WE CUT DOWN THE DEAD TREE?"

Over this question the household at Lake Ripley and the management of Tower Hill are still divided.

An Army of Millions.

Nearly twenty million boys and girls are now being enrolled in the public and private schools of the United States, forming the greatest army of its kind the world has ever known.

In twenty-nine states and two territories of the United States and in all the civilized countries of the world, with few exceptions, there are compulsory school laws. This country differs from the rest of the world in that it exacts a longer period for school attendance. The penalties for parents and guardians offer interesting contrasts. In Europe the fines are small, and those laws which inflict imprisonment generally confine it to a few days. In this country the fines are larger and the terms of possible imprisonment are longer. The Pennsylvania law is one of the mildest. For the first offense the maximum fine is $2, and upon each subsequent offense the maximum fine is $5. Nevada is the most stringent. For the first offense the fine is from $50 to $100, and for each subsequent offense from $100 to $200. New York has a maximum fine of $5 for the first offense and a maximum of $50 for each subsequent offense, or imprisonment at the longest for thirty days. Connecticut has a different sort of law. It puts a fine on each week's neglect, the rate per week being a maximum of $5. In Indiana the parent or guardian may be imprisoned as long as ninety days. Ohio has a system of fines ranging from $5 to $20.

These penalties may sound harsh, but very rarely have they been imposed, although tens of thousands of children stay away from school.

Never was education so ambitious and so active in every direction as it is today. Several interesting ways have been developed in compulsory education by Dr. Edward Brooks, who is at the head of the public school system in Philadelphia. He has devoted his life to educational work and his dictum is, "Schools are cheaper than penitentiaries and we need special schools that bar the way to penitentiaries." Under him the law has achieved these results: Thousands of children have been taken off the streets and placed in schools. Two special schools have been established for backward and diffident children; two classes of

school children of the city have been taken, and the public sentiment which was so hostile to the law has been won to its favor. The city was divided into thirty attendance districts with one officer assigned to each district and nearly 35,000 visits were made to homes and to employers. It was in the establishment of the special schools that the great work was done. There were many children whose education had been neglected and who could easily be placed in school, but who would have to be put in lower grades of the regular schools with children much younger than themselves. To meet this difficulty special ungraded schools were suggested. Another class was composed of children who were backward on account of their own or their parents' carelessness. To accommodate such children several cities have instituted special schcools so that they may catch up.

The difficult, incorrigible children who have been dismissed but who are not yet really vicious, form still another class, and excellent work has also been done with them. In a similar line, yet differing, is the Parental School, which is designed for the thousands of children loose upon the streets, absolutely beyond the control of their parents, and growing up in ignorance and vice, who, unless removed from their surroundings and properly trained, will belong to the criminal class when they become men and women. For these children a school of detention is recommended; a reform school, but a kindly institution that is well described by the term Parental School. Several cities are supporting such schools and the work is being carried on with kindness no less than authority for the neglected children.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Autumnal Book Harvest.

The leading publishers present a confusing list. *The Putnam's Sons* have ten titles in the Art and Science department, ranging from "Scientific Hand Reading" to "The Revolver and How To Use It." In religion Miss Anna Josephine Levi offers "A Book of Private Devotion for Old and Young." In history and biography there are twenty-two titles, including a new set of Macauley, the writings of Adams and Monroe, "A Sketch of the Life and Work of Huxley," and "Some More Sketches of the South African and Transvaal War." In general literature there are eighteen titles including tempting books on the Rossettis, George Borrow and "The Life and Times of Omar Khayyam." Five works of fiction are announced.

The Macmillan Company offers an attractive list of art books including Ernest Rhys' "Lord Leighton" and Langton Douglass' "Fra Angelico." Professor Henry S. Nash's book on "The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament" will be welcomed by Bible students. Marion Crawford has a new book on "The Stocks."

Houghton, Mifflin & Company offer at last Stedman's "American Anthology," for which we have waited long. John Burroughs is ready with his "Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers." Elizabeth Barrett Browning is added to the Cambridge series of poets. Howells has two new faces, comedies or what not entitled "The Indian Giver" and "The Smoking Car." "Fortune's Boats," by Barbara Yechton is their newest novel. Rossiter Johnson's "Little Classics" are to receive a new dress, and Eliza Orne White is to give a new child story.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—All nature's forces are capable of tremendous evil. But were they not, they would be incapable of all good.

MON.—The best way to prove one's self fit for a larger place is to fill the present one so full that it shall run over.

TUES.—It is my conviction that it is quite as possible for one to overestimate the duty of self-sacrifice as it is to underestimate it.

WED.—The man who succeeds must always owe more to the people than the people owe to him.

THURS.—I know there are voices I do not hear,
And colors I do not see.
I know the world has numberless doors
Of which I have not the key.

FRI.—A man should beware that the way in which he conducts his business shall not make him less a man.

SAT.—It is very easy for a person without passion to set himself up as a pattern of self-control, and pass snap-judgment on those who carry enough steam to blow up a ship.
—*M. J. Savage.*

The Raven's Message.

"Pierre is late tonight; what can be keeping him?" said a stout, sunburned woman with a colored handkerchief around her head, who was standing at the door of a log hut on a small rocky islet in the middle of the Rhone. "I do hope nothing has happened to him; he's so terribly venturesome since he got a boat of his own."

"Pooh, pooh!" answered her husband, cheerily, "He'll come back all right, never fear. It's only proper that my boy should be a ferryman like his father, and so he must learn to manage a boat betimes. See, yonder he comes, rowing like any boatman!"

"But whatever has he brought with him?" cried Madame Lenoire in amazement. A second glance showed the strange object to be a raven nearly as big as himself, which hung loosely over his shoulders, as if either dead or badly hurt.

"See what I've got, mother!" cried he, gleefully. "I found it in the wood yonder, with its wing broken. At first it snapped at me, and wouldn't let me touch it, but it's quiet enough now. Isn't it a fine big one?"

"Oh, you dreadful boy!" cried his mother. "What do you think we're going to do with a great, ugly thing like that about the house? And who's going to feed it, pray?"

"Why, mother, you know you always say that this house of ours on the island is just like an ark; and Noah had a raven in his ark that he used to send flying about, and why shouldn't we? Besides, we can teach him to carry messages for us, like that one that Father Gregoire told us about the other day."

"Well, there's something in that," said Jean Lenoir, laughing, "and as for feeding, a raven can pick up his own living any day; and besides, we have always plenty of odds and ends of fish. Bring him in, my boy, and we'll see what can be done with him."

The broken wing soon healed, and in a few months Pierre's raven—named "Christopher," in honor of the ferryman's patron saint—had become famous throughout the whole country-side. Many a bright silver franc did Pierre pick up at the village fairs by making the bird go through the tricks he had taught it; and when once it had learned to carry messages, the people along the river gave it so many that the postman used often to threaten it jokingly with a summons before the magistrates for taking away his business.

Even Pierre's mother got reconciled to the "great, ugly thing" at last; more specially as the good priest of the parish, Father Gregoire, was very fond of it, and never came to see them without bringing something good in his pocket for "our friend Christopher."

Sometimes, indeed, as soon as the kind clergyman's black cassock and broad hat were seen on the opposite bank, little Pierre would point thither and call out: "Food, Christopher!" And the raven, shooting like an arrow across the river, would perch on the priest's shoulder and thrust his great black bill into the old man's pocket in search of the food which he was always sure to find there.

So matters went till one night in the early spring, when Jean Lenoir, coming home tired after a hard day's work, paused for a moment, as he got out of his boat, to notice a strange, leaden dimness that overhung the hills along the eastern sky.

"It must be raining hard up in the mountains," said he to himself, and then thought no more about it.

But at daybreak next morning he was awakened from a dream of being at sea in a storm, which seemed strangely real even after he was broad awake. Doors were banging, windows rattling, timbers creaking and groaning, mingled with a roaring and dashing as if a Niagara had been let loose close to his ear. Hardly knowing what he did, he sprang to the door and threw it open, and instantly started back as if he had been shot. The water was within a foot of the doorsill! Worse still, it was plainly rising higher every moment. The Rhone, swollen by the heavy rains and the sudden melting of the mountain snows, had burst its banks and come down in full flood, driven by such a gale as had not blown in those parts since the great storm ten years before. All sorts of things went whirling past on the yellow foam—drowned sheep, hurdles, beams, boxes and uprooted trees, upon one of which crouched a poor little shivering dog, wailing piteously for the help that no one could give. Jean's first thought was for his boat; but both it and the shed in which it was moored were gone as if they had never been. Sick at heart, he clambered up into the loft after his wife and son, just as the water came flooding in over the doorsill. Meanwhile an anxious crowd had gathered on the opposite bank, eager to help the imperiled family on the island. But how was this to be done? No boat could live in that boiling flood, and it seemed hopeless to think of getting a rope across. The strongest man could not fling a stone so far. A kite would be instantly torn to shreds by the wind, and they had no means of sending across either an arrow or a bullet. Poor Father Gregoire ran wildly from man to man, imploring them to save his friends, and meeting everywhere the same despairing shake of the head. And still the water rose higher and higher and higher.

Suddenly Pierre put his mouth close to his father's ear and screamed with all his might through the deafening roar:

"Father! Christopher!"

Catching his son's idea in a moment, the ferryman rummaged out a roll of stout twine, one end of which he knotted to a strong rope, while Pierre fastened the other around the leg of his bird, which was, indeed, about to become in terrible earnest what they had often called it in jest, "the raven sent forth from the ark."

"Food, Christopher!" shouted the boy, pointing to the opposite shore; and instantly the raven outspread its broad, banner-like wings and flew forth into the storm, while a stifled cry broke forth from the gazing crowd as they watched its flight.

Twice all seemed lost, as poor Christopher was almost beaten down into the raging waters beneath; but the brave bird persevered, and, catching a momentary lull in the fury of the storm, struggled across the deadly space and fell exhausted upon the bank.

A stout farmer sprang forward to seize the cord tied to the bird's leg, and instantly half a dozen eager hands were at work hauling in the rope attached. Communication being thus established with the island, the rest was easy; and in less than half an hour three Crusoes in the ferryman's hut were drawn ashore, just as the whole house fell crashing into the swollen river, which whirled away the strong timbers like straws.

After this, the bold raven became a greater favorite than ever, and from that day every one called him "Christopher le Courier."—*Selected.*

The Skill of A Mouse.

One day a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown-backed mouse, that had come out from his home under the log and, when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try eiter of these plans, however; for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as high up as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length, and the freshly-cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two and again the upper portion settled down. In this way he bit off five lenghts of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skillful little hands; and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple.—*Our Animal Friends.*

A Glimpse of His Bride-Elect.

The Chinese minister at Washington, when a young man about to be married, wanted to see his bride to be. But that is a forbidden privilege among his people.

"In China our young men do not select wives for themselves, but leave it to their parents," said he. "We know that our parents want us to be happy and we are willing to let them judge who will make a good wife. We have few unhappy marriages, and perhaps that is because we do not spend all the affection before marriage, as it seems to me the young people in America sometimes do."

He wanted so much to see the girl who had been chosen for him, that he persuaded his parents to let him have one look at her. So, one day, he sat behind a window, entirely hidden himself, and looked through the blind, saw her pass along the street with two of her mates, being told she was the outer one of the three. He never forgot the great delight it gave him to see her, nor how prettily she came up the street. But oh, it was all entirely contrary to Chinese etiquette.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE POSSIBILITY OF PROTESTANT UNION.—The practicability of certain schemes for the unification of Protestantism, either as a whole or in part, is interestingly discussed in an editorial in *Le Protestant*, organ of the liberal element among French Protestants.

France, it says, is not the only country which feels the need of such unions and longs for some central representative body able to speak in the name of all. This desire makes itself felt not only in countries where Protestantism is relatively weak, but also in those where it is strongest, such as Belgium and the United States. In proof of this, it reproduces the following suggestions for such representation submitted last year to the synod of the Evangelical Protestant Church, the national church of Belgium, by the Rev. Lebeau, of Verriers-Hodimont.

I.

"Protestantism has no accredited medium of representation for itself as a whole. The Evangelical Alliance cannot, from its very nature, claim to be such a representative, and was not instituted for that purpose. It is evident that such a lack constitutes, both theoretically and practically, a grace inferiority of the Protestant churches as compared with the Catholic.

"*a.* Whether rightly or wrongly, Protestantism to this day manifests itself to outsiders rather by its diversities and oppositions than by its unity. Its prestige suffers inevitably for this reason.

"*b.* One may well expect that soon or late circumstances will arise in which, for want of an authorized representative, Protestantism will be condemned to a humiliating silence, while the Catholic church, having such a head, will be in a position to act. At the Hague conference the pope barely failed of being represented, while Protestantism, though having the same right to make its voice heard, could not possibly have made good its claim, because of its fragmentary and divided condition. In future such occasions may well become more frequent. It is then urgent that our churches consider this state of things and prepare themselves for any eventuality. If they do not, they run the risk of seeing in some such conjuncture, and that perhaps at no very distant day, the Papacy speaking alone in the name of Christendom, in which case, naturally, the Papacy alone will reap the benefit of its intervention before humanity. It is not the sole mission of a church to concern itself with saving souls; its task is also to proclaim before all people, with the solemnity which befits such a cause, the high truths concerning the kingdom of God in society. May we spare ourselves the grief of being some day obliged to confess our impotence because we have neglectd this great duty!

"*c.* No one can fail to see that a central representative body for the Protestant churches would be of inestimable advantage by creating new ties among them. By accustoming them to put the common interests of all denominations above the individual ones which occupy them, it would gradually prepare the way for a federation of these churches.

II.

"We realize that the establishment of such a representative body presents grave difficulties. Should that be a reason for abandoning the idea? Certainly not. These difficulties are not insurmountable. If the idea is a good one and answers to a real need, it will in the end obtain the support of a majority of our coreligionists and triumph over all the fears and objections that can be brought against it.

III.

"This proposed representative body should have strictly limited powers. It should have no dogmatic power whatever, and should not be able to interfere either in matters of faith or in the internal administration of the churches. Its sole function should be to make itself the interpreter of the wishes of all when the general interests of evangelical Christianity are at stake.

IV.

"This representative body (for which a name must be found) should consist of delegates from the various denominations. When few in numbers, two churches in the same country might arrange to send delegates in common.

V.

"It would choose its own executive committee and president, the name of the latter being communicated to all the different states of the world, and would appoint its own place of meeting."

The Belgian synod naturally felt that it could take no decisive action on the proposal thus laid before it, but it appointed a committee to take the matter into careful consideration and report at its next session.

"Perhaps," says the French editor, commenting on this, "Mr. Lebeau may have laid too much stress on the contrast between Catholic unity and the divided condition of Protestantism. The pope san say: 'I am the Papacy.' No one—not even a central representative body—could ever say: I am Protestantism, because while the pope exercises an authority recognized, at least theoretically, by all that is Catholic, it is happily impossible to establish in the midst of Protestantism any authority in the least analogous, and it is certainly not such a one that Mr. Lebeau has suggested or desired."

True enough, yet does not the present crisis in China offer an almost startling commentary on the words of the Belgian pastor? Now, when, if ever, the voice of Christendom, as the organized spirit of Christ, should make itself heard as distinct from those of diplomacy, commercialism and politics, Protestantism can only utter itself ineffectually through its fragments. Probably none know better than those who speak, how little its voice is likely to be heeded in the settlement of questions in the far east to-day.

The Evangelical Alliance, as the French critic points out, is evangelical only if that word be taken as synonomous with orthodox. It has its confession of faith to which its members are expected to adhere, and which bars out all who are not orthodox, so that the first assertion of Mr. Lebeau concerning it is unquestionably well founded. The second seems to the French editor more doubtful. The Evangelical Alliance, he thinks, does claim to represent all Protestantism, because in its view those which are not evangelical—for evangelical read orthodox—have no right to call themselves Protestant. Though the day of creeds is passing, he doubts if members of that alliance have yet so far outgrown the spirit of its founders that they would give their serious countenances and support to the formation of a broader organization which, passing over all dogmatic and ecclesiastical diversities, should unite all Protestants, but could hardly do in the name of all what the alliance does for a part.

Finding then the prospect of any union for the whole of Protestantism still very remote, he turns to the partial movement growing out of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of organized Unitarianism in America. Referring in passing to the exclusion of Universalists and Unitarians from the great Ecumenical Mission Conference as another proof that the time is not ripe for the fullest brotherly union, he tells his readers how the Unitarians in their international gathering last May passed with characteristic energy from words to deeds, and outlines their plan for the active union and co-operation of the world's religious liberals.

"One can but applaud," he says, "this generous and somewhat audacious undertaking. Its program: 'Pure religion and perfect liberty,' accords well with that which Samuel Vincent formulated three-quarters of a century ago: 'Gospel and liberty,' and we shall follow with most sympathetic interest the progress of this new association and its council. What we cannot see clearly, however, is how it is too act with its president and secretary [Prof. Carpenter, of Oxford, and our own Mr. Wendte] separated by the whole width of the Atlantic.

"It seems, too, that a certain reserve will be necessary, at least in the beginning, on the part of French Protestantism, and that its sympathy must be rather of the expectant order, because its situation is quite peculiar. Our adversaries, the promoters of the violent anti-Protestant campaign now going on in France, charge us with being the agents of foreign influence in the country, and subsidized from outside. That these are unworthy calumnies all impartial, intelligent people know. But the intelligent and the well-informed are nowhere in the majority, and our foreign friends and brothers must understand that in presence of such attacks, which are believed by too many credulous souls, it is important for us not only to live on our own resources, but to fly with our own wings."

This concluding paragraph makes us realize what a different thing it is to a Protestant even, to say nothing of a liberal, in France and in America.

But is the growing desire for some form of Protestant union and more brotherly co-operation then to go for naught? This seems a fitting connection in which to point out how deep in the hearts of some of the worst devoted workers for the memorial church of the Protest at Speyer has lain a cherished hope that out of that movement might grow the union so long desired. That in commemorating the birth-throes and the final christening of the spirit and principles which have largely created the modern world, the Protestants of every land might be drawn into some such union as is outlined by Mr. Lebeau; that the beautiful memorial church might find its highest use and most fitting consecration as the gathering-place for a truly Pan-Protestant congress, able to speak with the weight and authority of an international conscience on the great moral and social questions that agitate the world to-day. It is a dream to quicken the pulses, fire the imagination and warm the heart. If, as Maeterlinck says: "A spiritual epoch is upon us," may it not be that those who live "as seeing the invisible" shall yet some day, by the strong power of their faith, make the vision an inspiring reality? M. E. H.

AUSTRIA.—Great are the uses of modern inventions! *Le Protestant* gives another instance of the application of moving pictures to the purposes of the Roman Catholic Church. It seems that at an exhibition of mutoscopes in Vienna there is a little room apart where for the equivalent of a nickel one may, by pressing a button, find oneself in presenece of His Holiness the Pope conferring his benediction. Above the scene is a placard bearing these words: "Cardinal Sebastien Martinelli, apostolic legate, has said apropos of the benediction granted in this representation: 'His Holiness particularly desires that those who contemplate the benediction which he is pleased to bestow as it is shown in this excellent representation, and who receive it with a believing heart, should participate in happiness and felicity, and in its advantages as if he had accorded it to them in person.'"

SWITZERLAND.—The Reformed Synod of St. Gall has decided to take possession in the name of the church at St. Gall of the chalet where Zevingli was born, at Wildhaus. It has just been restored.—*Le Protestant*, Paris.

GERMANY.—The 25th of August was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Karl August Hare, the great historian of the church. Jena, where he was professor for more than half a century, during which his science and his liberalism added luster to the university, has just erected a statue to his memory. It was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 11th of July. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar was the first to lay a wreath at the foot of the monument, and the successor of Hare, Dr. Nippold, delivered a eulogy on the great theologian. City and university united in doing homage to his memory, and the festivities closed with a fraternal banquet.

FRANCE.—*Le Christianisme* tells the following story of good-fellowship between Protestants and Catholics at Quissac, (Gard). Two years ago the bell of the Catholic church was broken and a house-to-house collection to replace it was as well received by Protestants as Catholics. This year it was the Protestant bell that broke. The Presbyterial council decided against such a collection and contented itself with an appeal in church. The Catholic priest hearing of this, announced it from his pulpit. As a result the Protestant pastor received a generous subscription from a rich and earnest Catholic, accompanied by the cordial message: I thank you for the opportunity given me to say with you and our own good Father: Let us help one another.

ITALY.—The state of his wife's health has led Rev. Barth Soulier, pastor of the Waldesian colony at Valdese, North Carolina, to resign his charge there and return to the fatherland. And interesting account of the North Carolina colony was given by Mr. Soulier in UNITY for May 3. Mr. and Mrs. Solier sail the 26th of this month. His message of farewell gives some hope that we may hear from him again, when settled in Italy. M. E. H.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.—Our friend, W. D. Simonds, sends out a "Word of Admonition" to his people at the beginning of the season which is applicable beyond the bounds of his parish. He says:

"It is entirely proper for me to remind you that your responsibility is no less real than mine. When work begins for the minister, ought not work to begin also for the people? First of all, I urge the importance of loyally supporting and attending Sunday services. This done, church work prospers in all departments, for in any church the regular Sunday congregation is the center and soul of health, life and growth."

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.—There was a quiet installation at the opening services of the Unitarian church at this place, August 5th, when F. L. Hosmer, before preaching a sermon upon "The Ministry of Nature," was welcomed to the pulpit by the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and a suitable response was made by the pastor. This was fitting recognition that the relation had quietly passed from the temporary engagement to a permanent settlement. Mr. Hosmer's ministry will be such as becomes a university town and that town overlooking the Golden Gate.

The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools will discuss the question of Sunday-school music at its October meeting, to be held on Tuesday evening, October 9th, at All Souls Church. Supper will be served to the visiting Sunday-school workers at a quarter past six, and an hour later Miss Mari R. Hofer will present a talk on "Some Ideals for Sunday-school Music," illustrating the same by singing. Miss Hofer's experience in vocal teaching, and especially that gained from her work with children's choruses, enables her to speak with authority on a topic so important to our Sunday-schools. All interested in improving the general standard and the vital helpfulness of the music in our schools are cordially invited to this meeting, which will close with a discussion open to all.

Books Received.

D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS, 110 BOYLESTON STREET, BOSTON.

The Wonderful Chair and the Tales It Told. Edited, with introduction and notes, by M. V. O'Shea, Professor of Education in the University of Wisconsin. In two parts; illustrated by Clara E. Atwood, after Mrs. Seymour Lucas. 96 pages each. 10 cents each.

Jackanapes. By Juliana Horatio Ewing. With introduction by W. P. Trent, Professor of English at the University of the South. Illustrated by Josephine E. Bruce. 64 pages. 10 cents.

Goody Two Shoes. Attributed to Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Charles Welsh, author of "Notes on the History of Children's Books," "A Life of John Newbery," etc. Illustrations after the original edition by M. L. Peabody. 64 pages. 10 cents.

Hamerton's Chapter on Animals—Dogs, Cats, and Horses. By Philip G. Hamerton. Introduction by W. P. Trent, Professor of English in the University of the South. With illustrations after Veyrassat, Van Muyden, Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, etc., by E. H. Saunders and D. Munro. 96 pages. 15 cents.

Shakespeare's "The Tempest." No. 1 of The Beginner's Shakespeare. Edited by Sarah Willard Hiestand. Illustrations after Retzsch; portrait by Chandos. 110 pages. 15 cents.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Some Ideals in the Education of Women. By Caroline Hagard.

The Problem of Duty. A study of the Philosophy of Conduct. By Charles F. Dole.

Spiritual Lessons From the Brownings. By Amory H. Bradford, D.D.

The Art of Optimism. As Taught by Robert Browning. By William De Witt Hyde.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Kelea, The Surf-Rider. A Romance of Pagan Hawaii. By Alex Stevenson Twombly.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, CHICAGO.

Acvaghosha's Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana. Translated for the first time from the Chinese version by Teitaro Suzuki. $1.25.

Whence and Whither. By Dr. Paul Carus. Religion of Science Library. 25 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

Meditations of the Heart. A Book of Private Devotions for Old and Young. Collected, adapted and composed by Annie Josephine Levi, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

A Book for All Readers, Designed as an Aid to the Collection Use, and Preservation of Books, and the Formation of Public and Private Libraries. By Ainsworth Rand Spofford. $2.00.

Heroes of the Nations. Richelieu and the Growth of the French Power. By James Breck Perkins, LL.D. $1.50.

A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. By Parke Godwin. $1.50.

L'Amicus Seneca. Translated by William Bell Langsdorf, Ph.D., Lit.D. $1.00.

A History of Political Parties in the United States. By James H. Hopkins. $2.50.

Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. $1.50.

Later Love Letters of a Musician. By Myrtle Reed. $1.75.

Literary Hearthstones—I. John Knox; II. Hannah More. By Marion Harland. $3.00, in box.

Lone Pine. The Story of a Lost Mine. By R. B. Townshend. 50 cents.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The Biblical Theology of the New Testament. By Ezra P. Gould, D.D. 75 cents.

The Life of Christ. As Represented in Art. By Frederic D. Farrar, D.D., T.R.S., with numerous illustrations and frontispiece. $3.50.

Judgment in Literature. By W. Basil Worsfold. 40 cents.

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